

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.-NO. 20.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 228.

Current Items.

FRENCH INGENUITY.—Professor Mapes says that nine-tenths of the olive oil in this country is manufactured in France from American lard oil. It is purified by sal soda, and is about equal to olive oil for the table or for other purposes. The French seem to be a good length ahead of us in all that relates to delicacies for the table. We have plenty of sardines on our coasts, but it requires French hands to put them in boxes.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—This terrible pestilence, which has lately been raging at Fort Hamilton, and to some extent at South Brooklyn and Governor's Island, is reported as on the decline, and will, it is hoped, soon cease its ravages altogether. Dr. Henford of Williamsburgh, who visited some patients at Fort Hamilton, is at the time of the present writing, lying prostrate under a mild attack of the pestilence, but is said to be convalescent.

DEATH OF DR. BUCKLAND.—Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, but better known as one of the first geologists of his day, and author of one of the *Bridgewater Treatises*, died at Clapham, England, August 14. Says the *London Times*, "Unhappily, the intellectual death of Dr. Buckland dates, not from the year 1856, but from some six or seven years ago, since which time a cloud has come over his once active mind, and he has spent the evening of life in confinement."

THALBERG.—This eminent German pianist, report says, will positively visit this country the coming winter. He will be accompanied by the horn virtuoso Vivier, and a cantatrice whose name has not yet transpired.

THE DEAD SEA.—Though in breadth not exceeding ten miles, the Dead Sea seems boundless to the eye when looking from north to south and the murmur of waves, as they break on its flint-strewn shore, together with the lines of drift-wood and fragments of bitumen on the beach, give to its waters a resemblance to the ocean. Curious to experience the sensations of swimming in so strange a sea, I put to the test, the accounts of the extreme buoyancy felt in it. I was quickly convinced that there was no exaggeration in what I heard. I found the water almost tepid, and so strong that the chief difficulty was to keep sufficiently submerged, the feet starting up in the air at every vigorous stroke. When floating, half the body rose above the surface, and, with a pillow, one might have slept upon the water. After a time the strangeness of the sensation in some measure disappeared, and on approaching the shore I carelessly dropped my feet to walk out, when lo! as if a bladder had been attached to each heel, they flew upwards, the struggle to recover myself sent my head down, the vilely bitter and briny water, from which I had hitherto guarded my head, now rushed into my mouth, eyes, ears, and nose, and for one horrible moment my only doubt was, whether I was to be drowned or poisoned. Coming to the surface, however, I swam to land, making no further attempt to walk in deep water, which, I am inclined to believe, is almost impossible.—*Eastern Travel.*

REMITTANCES TO THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH,

ENDING SEPTEMBER 6.

John Southard, \$2; Capt. Doubleday, 2; Evart Eaton, 1; O. B. Van Warner, 1; R. F. Newton, 1; A. M. Lewis, 2; Nelson Smith, 2; A. Brown, 2; Coles Weeks, 2; Ezra McIntire, 1; S. B. Buckley, 1 50; E. A. Smith, 1; Capt. J. Carpenter, 1; H. C. Whitney, 2; J. B. Hyde, 1 25; E. D. Howe, 4; Mrs. E. Wolcott, 1; Mrs. Eliza Lewis, 1; J. A. Flourney, 5; John H. Baldwin, 1 25; J. Gray, 1; Thomas Rubbett, 1; W. B. Benson, 2; Cephas Stone, 2 30; Miss E. McVincent, 46c; H. Bent, 1; Joel Howe, 1; Mrs. M. A. Brown, 1; Nicholay Ferky, 8; E. L. Coleman, 3; Cyrus Durand, 2; E. L. Coleman, 84c; Louisa M. Aiken, 1; Moses Mills, 1; Chauncy Mead, 2; A. H. Davis, 6; J. H. Cunningham, 1; Mrs. Mary Dwyer, 2 50.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

To Our Friends at the West.

The Editor of this paper proposes to leave New York as early as the first of October, on a lecturing tour through several of the Western States, including Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana and Illinois. The lectures will chiefly relate to the facts, laws and tendencies of Spiritual Intercourse; the spiritual element in all Religions and in the noblest works of genius, ancient and modern; special attention being given to the present living inspiration, and the great Spiritual Reformation of our own time.

S. B. B. will also receive invitations to lecture on literary, philosophical and popular subjects, before Lyceums and scientific institutions. The friends of progress in the numerous cities and villages along the Hudson River, New York Central, Lake Shore or Great Western, and Michigan Central and Southern Railroads, who may desire his services in this capacity, are requested to communicate their wishes, by letter or otherwise, at their earliest convenience. This will be necessary, as we desire to prepare and publish a complete programme of our proposed labors before leaving home.

It will be perceived that this course will render it extremely inconvenient, if not altogether impossible, for the lecturer to accept invitations that may be tendered to him along the route; hence the obvious necessity of making previous arrangements. Address S. B. Brittan, at this office.

Mrs. W. B. Coan's Public Meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Coan and Mr. John F. Coles have this week commenced holding a series of public test meetings, designed to extend through Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, opening in Connecticut instead of Maine, as at first intended. These meetings will afford to thousands who have never heard a "Spirit rap," an opportunity of judging for themselves as to the origin of these wonderful productions of an unseen power. They may be addressed at New Haven until the 18th instant, Hartford, 20th, Springfield, Mass., 24th instant, and Lawrence, Mass., 30th instant.

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Dodworth's Hall.

REV. T. L. HARRIS will lecture at Clinton Hall, corner of Atlantic and Clinton-streets, Brooklyn, September 14, at 3 P. M., entrance on Clinton-street. The meetings will be held there during the season. Seats free.

Southold, L. I.

REV. ADIN BALLOU will lecture to the Spiritualists at Southold, L. I., on Sunday next, 14th instant.

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VOL. V.—NO. 20.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 228.

The Principles of Nature.

OUR TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS.

NUMBER FOU.

The Welland Canal—The Medicated Spring or Artesian Well—St. Catharines, the Saratoga of Canada—Spiritualism in St. Catharines.

ST. CATHARINES, Canada West, is distant from the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, about twelve miles, by the railroad to Hamilton. A few years since there was a small stream of water, flowing in a zig-zag direction through a deep ravine in this town. From the great depth of this gulley, which is from thirty to two hundred feet below the general surface of the country, it is presumed that at some anterior period this was the main channel through which the waters from Lake Erie passed into Lake Ontario; but at present their course is the channel of the Niagara river. This ravine has been cleared out within the last few years, and made into what is called

THE WELLAND CANAL.

This canal connects Lake Erie at Port Colborne, with Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie; it is twenty-eight miles in length with twenty-six locks, with a rise and fall of about nine feet each, making about two hundred and thirty feet. It is at present chiefly supplied with water from Grand River, at Maitland, through another canal of twenty-two miles in length. The size, width and depth of those canals are sufficient for the transportation of ordinary sized steamboats and sail vessels. As I stood on the bank of Welland Canal a half hour, I hailed some six or eight sail vessels, which passed during that time. Among these were the schr. Australia, and the schr. Wide Awake; the latter, I was informed from on board, is one hundred and forty-two feet in length and was freighted with corn for Oswego.

The following is a list of the vessels which passed through the Welland Canal on the 22d of August, 1856, the day I was in St. Catharines, together with the ports from whence they sailed and to which they were bound, with their cargoes, which will suggest some idea of the kind and quantities of products to be transported and the business at present done, on this canal, which may help the mind to comprehend the immense value of this inland navigation, not only to the United States but to the world:

| Name of vessel. | Where from. | Bound to. | Cargo. |
|-------------------|-------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Marion, | Toledo, | Cobourg, | corn |
| Young America, | Ogdensburg, | Ghicago, | iron, mdze |
| Jefferson, | Chicago, | Ogdensburg, | corn, flour |
| Bay State, | Detroit, | Do. | do, do. |
| Granite State, | Cleveland, | Do. | lard oil, do. |
| Twin Brothers, | Do. | Prescott, | coal |
| Wide-awake, | Sandusky, | Oswego, | corn |
| Athenian, | Chicago, | Do. | do. |
| Empire State, | Detroit, | Do. | wheat, do. |
| Signal, | Erie, | Do. | coal |
| Marshallfield, | Chatham, | Clayton, | staves |
| Quebec, | Kingston, | St. Jair, | do |
| Beaver, | Do. | Do. | do |
| Seal, | Clinton, | St. Catharines, | Chatham, |
| Mt. Miller, | Niagara, | Do. | iron, do. |
| Australia, | Toronto, | Chicago, | wheat |
| City of Hamilton, | Montreal, | Montreal, | do. |
| St. Nicholas, | Michigan, | Kingston, | lumber |
| Ayr, | Chicago, | Toronto, | corn |
| Almina, | Buffalo, | Do. | do. |
| Isabella, | Cleveland, | Do. | do. |
| Frank Stewart, | Do. | Do. | do. |
| Arabian, | Do. | Do. | do. |
| Champion, | Do. | Oakville, | do. |

From the cupola of the Stephenson Hotel, on the bank, some

250 feet above the canal, I witnessed one of the stupendous miracles of the nineteenth century—that is, a miracle in the significance of that term—viz., a phenomenon which transcends our experience, and of course our previous comprehension. It consisted in some fifty sail-vessels slowly but steadily creeping up the hill side, some three miles in the distance. Then passed over the top of the mountain and gradually disappeared, first the hull, then the deck, masts, and finally top masts—all descended from sight, beyond the mountain peak. This was accomplished of course by the aid of the locks before mentioned; but from where I was standing neither locks nor canal could be seen so that the whole presented the sublime spectacle of a fleet of vessels sailing up hill through the pastures! Their course and movements reminded me of the visitors ascending Mt. Washington on horseback, seeming sometimes to travel up a gradual ascent and then rise suddenly two, four, or six feet.

Uncle Knolton, as he is familiarly called at Pigeon Cove, told me that water surely runs up hill, which was proved he said by the fact that the earth is round and the length of the Mississippi river being three thousand miles some of its waters must run up hill. He cited another familiar fact in proof of his assertion, viz., place one end of a tube of suitable form in the bung-hole of a barrel, the other end being outside the barrel and lower than that inside; when once it is filled with water, the liquor in the barrel will all run up and out at the bung-hole. But with all his superior knowledge of mystical things, he did not instruct me in the science of sailing vessels up hill, and my ignorance and skepticism, the basis of all popular ideas of miracles, rendered this fact—of vessels sailing up hill—a miracle to me.

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Specific gravity, at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, 10.347.

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| Chloride of Calcium,..... | 2,950.40 | Carb. of Lime and Magnesia,..... | 2.08 |
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| Chloride of Sodium,..... | 751.86 | Iodide of Magnesia,..... | 2.11 |
| Proto-Chloride of Iron,..... | 18.76 | Silica and Alumina,..... | 2.47 |
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This is the composition of the Water in its natural state, as delivered at the pump and used at the Baths.

A pipe was then inserted in the well to the depth of 160 feet, to which is attached a pump and engine which force the water into bathing rooms on the bank. Over and around the well is a large building in which are set, in solid masonry, eleven iron kettles, capable of holding two and a half hogsheads each, which are used for extracting the salt and boiling down



SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.—NO. 20.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 228.

The Principles of Nature.

OUR TRAVELS AND OBSERVATIONS.

NUMBER FOUR.

The Welland Canal—The Medicated Spring or Artesian Well—St. Catharines, the Saratoga of Canada—Spiritualism in St. Catharines.

St. CATHARINES, Canada West, is distant from the Suspension Bridge at Niagara Falls, about twelve miles, by the railroad to Hamilton. A few years since there was a small stream of water, flowing in a zig-zag direction through a deep ravine in this town. From the great depth of this gulley, which is from thirty to two hundred feet below the general surface of the country, it is presumed that at some anterior period this was the main channel through which the waters from Lake Erie passed into Lake Ontario; but at present their course is the channel of the Niagara river. This ravine has been cleared out within the last few years, and made into what is called

THE WELLAND CANAL.

This canal connects Lake Erie at Port Coiborne, with Lake Ontario at Port Dalhousie; it is twenty-eight miles in length with twenty-six locks, with a rise and fall of about nine feet each, making about two hundred and thirty feet. It is at present chiefly supplied with water from Grand River, at Maitland, through another canal of twenty-two miles in length. The size, width and depth of those canals are sufficient for the transportation of ordinary sized steamboats and sail vessels. As I stood on the bank of Welland Canal a half hour, I hailed some six or eight sail vessels, which passed during that time. Among these were the schr. Australia, and the schr. Wide Awake; the latter, I was informed from on board, is one hundred and forty-two feet in length and was freighted with corn for Oswego.

The following is a list of the vessels which passed through the Welland Canal on the 22d of August, 1856, the day I was in St. Catharines, together with the ports from whence they sailed and to which they were bound, with their cargoes, which will suggest some idea of the kind and quantities of products to be transported and the business at present done, on this canal, which may help the mind to comprehend the immense value of this inland navigation, not only to the United States but to the world:

| Name of vessel. | Where from. | Bound to. | Cargo. |
|-------------------|-------------|-----------------|---------------|
| Marion, | Toledo, | Cobourg, | corn |
| Young America, | Ogdensburg, | Chicago, | iron, mds |
| Jefferson, | Chicago, | Ogdensburg, | iron, flour |
| Bay State, | Detroit, | Do. | do. |
| Granite State, | Cleveland, | Do. | lard oil, do. |
| Twin Brothers, | Do. | Prescott, | coal |
| Wide-awake, | Sandusky, | Oswego, | corn |
| Athenian, | Chicago, | Do. | do. |
| Empire State, | Detroit, | Do. | wheat, do. |
| Signal, | Erie, | Do. | coal |
| Windsor, | Chatham, | Clayton, | staves |
| Quebec, | Kingston, | St. Catharines, | do. |
| Beaver, | Do. | Do. | do. |
| Sorel, | Clinton, | Chatham, | iron, do. |
| Mt. Miller, | Niagara, | Cleveland, | wheat |
| Australia, | Toronto, | Chicago, | do. |
| City of Hamilton, | Montreal, | Montreal, | lumber |
| St. Nicholas, | Michigan, | Kingston, | corn |
| Arr. | Chicago, | Toronto, | do. |
| Almina, | Buffalo, | Do. | do. |
| Isabella, | Cleveland, | Do. | do. |
| Frank Stewart, | Do. | Do. | do. |
| Arabian, | Do. | Do. | do. |
| Champion, | Do. | Oakville, | do. |

From the cupola of the Stephenson Hotel, on the bank, some

250 feet above the canal, I witnessed one of the stupendous miracles of the nineteenth century—that is, a miracle in the significance of that term—viz., a phenomenon which transcends our experience, and of course our previous comprehension. It consisted in some fifty sail-vessels slowly but steadily creeping up the hill side, some three miles in the distance. Then passed over the top of the mountain and gradually disappeared, first the hull, then the deck, masts, and finally top masts—all descended from sight, beyond the mountain peak. This was accomplished of course by the aid of the locks before mentioned; but from where I was standing neither locks nor canal could be seen so that the whole presented the sublime spectacle of a fleet of vessels sailing up hill through the pastures! Their course and movements reminded me of the visitors ascending Mt. Washington on horseback, seeming sometimes to travel up a gradual ascent and then rise suddenly two, four, or six feet.

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the waters for the purpose of concentrating their medical properties. In the process of concentration they fill these kettles with the water and keep up a constant heat five days, during which time they dip the liquid from kettle to kettle, and from the kettles into a pitch-pine trough (no other wood will hold it when heated,) several times, which results in concentrating the medical properties of one hundred and twenty gallons into one pint of liquid. The waters so concentrated are put up in bottles and sold in large quantities, and they bid fair to rival the mineral waters of Saratoga. One tea-spoonful of this concentrated liquid in a tumbler of pure water is considered a dose, and in this quantity it is recommended to be taken three times per day. I am making a personal experiment of its effects, yet without having any particular disease to be cured. All I can say is, that it produces medicinal effects.

Mr. Stephenson, the proprietor of the spring, kindly gave me a few bottles of the concentrated water, which I should like to give to those who are afflicted and will try it for the following maladies, to the cure of which it is said to be particularly adapted: rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, typhus fever and chronic affections of the liver, scarlatina, sore throat, cancerous sores, gout, gravel, whooping-cough, scrofula, neuralgia, paralysis, etc. There ought to be something by which persons may be relieved from these troublesome diseases, and if these waters from the bowels of the earth will effect a cure, it is a great blessing to mankind that the fountain of health has at last been tapped. Try it; if it does no good it is not likely to do harm.

Mr. Stephenson has built a large hotel on the bank of the canal, which is between two hundred and three hundred feet immediately above the spring. The house is some two hundred feet on the street, by sixty, and four or five stories high, with a large cupola on the top from which we obtain a magnificent view of the surrounding country, the canal, the vessels creeping up the mountain, and Lake Ontario in the distance. The Stephenson House has been so crowded with company this summer, that the proprietor is about to enlarge it to double its present capacity. If half that is said of the remarkable cures affected by these mineral waters be true, his house will be filled, immense good will be done, and St. Catharines will yet rival Saratoga.

SPIRITALISM IN ST. CATHARINES.

The good people in St. Catharines are beginning to be aroused by spiritual phenomena appearing in their midst. In response to the solicitations of several friends, I spoke on the subject of Spiritualism in the Town Hall, Thursday evening, August 21. This being the first lecture on the subject ever given in the town, and with only about four or five hours notice, a circus performance occurring in the town the same evening, I was surprised to see so large and respectable an audience, and in the assembly several clergymen. All listened with marked attention. At the close of my lecture on that occasion, and agreeably to my usual custom, I stated that I would then reply to any respectful and candid inquiries that might be made with a view to a further elucidation of the subject. Two or three gentlemen availed themselves of this opportunity, which led me to make some remarks respecting the office of death, as it is termed, and the state or condition of the Spirit immediately upon entering the Spirit-realm, in the course of which I said in substance, that *death does not change the inner or spiritual man*, and since from the interior or spiritual nature proceed all our speech and all human activities in this world, as well as in the Spirit-world proper, we are bound to believe that the speech and actions of Spirits, whether through mediums or otherwise manifested, would, for a time, at least, after entering the Spirit-world, correspond to their lives and conversations here.

In support of this position I cited several spiritual facts showing the unchanged state and condition of mind, affection, animosities and the will, of Spirits. One of the cases cited was that of a person instructed in the church to believe she would pass from the death bed directly into the presence of God and angels; and because she did not realize her faith, she of course thought she was in the wrong place, and wanted to come back, and repossess her old body, which of course she could not do. I urged this fact that death does not change the Spirit, as accounting for the almost infinite dissimilarities in the manifestations of Spirits, and for the diversities of thought and opinion expressed by them. I maintained from such premises that we could not expect all Spirits in the other world to be truthful until men cease to "lie" here.

One man asked questions and made objections, evidently with a view to irritate rather than to be instructed; but I had before

learned that persons who most need truth writh and tear themselves most under its administration; while I also realized the fact that those who have truths to present can afford to be kind and generous, even to the most neglected, stupid, heedless and bigoted specimens of humanity. From the similarity of language, and evident lack of perception and comprehension of truth, as exhibited in the following communication, published in the St. Catharine's semi-weekly *Post*, of August 22d, 1856, I presume it emanated from the man who thus attempted to annoy me and the audience. Those persons who were present on that occasion will bear witness that several of the affirmations I am reported to have made are verified in several instances by the writer and printer of the article, and by natural sequence it may be presumed my other averments are equally true. The writer of the article in the *Post* says: "Mr. Partridge enunciated the fact that preachers and printers were the principal opponents to his absurd doctrines, and that they not only circulated lies against it here, but were engaged in the same business in the next world."

Now the truth of this affirmation, so far as it relates to authors and printers being demonstrated by the falsities contained in the article which follows, (as will be affirmed by some two hundred persons present on the occasion of the lecture,) I insist, in accordance with the views before expressed, that if this person—the writer of the article—goes into the Spirit world unreformed in his respect for truth, we can expect from his spirit—until he progresses out of the slough he is now in—nothing but stupidity, captiousness and falsehood. But suppose the law were otherwise, and that death transforms and transports souls into realms of divine love, wisdom and truth, and that this man's Spirit should communicate to his friends from that state and condition; who among them would know him, or could be made to believe it was his Spirit? Nobody. He would not know himself after such sudden transformation.

I am sorry to make these remarks, and would not do it except for the benefit of the man and others like him, and to illustrate the great law that governs human conditions in this life and the life to come. The knowledge of this law is worth immensely more to humanity than many men. Possibly the author and printer are flattered with the fallacy that their article is good for themselves, their readers, and the world; if so, they will not of course complain if we feel that we can afford to give it currency. Our readers will of course excuse us for copying the article, since this paper is pledged to give evidences of the various spiritual states of mankind in the natural and spiritual worlds, even those in the most inharmonious and deplorable conditions. Here is the article:

A LECTURE ON SPIRITALISM.

Mr. Charles Partridge, of the New York SPIRITAL TELEGRAPH, lectured at the Town Hall last evening on the subject of Spiritualism. The lecture was a jumbled-up mass of nothing, old wives' tales, and stories of pretended miracles and wonders in some distant part of the world, but not one fact or proof was adduced to induce people to give this theory any credence, and so disgusted the audience that all but three or four extra-charged Spiritualists left the room.* Mr. Partridge enunciated the fact that preachers and printers were the principal opponents of his absurd doctrine, and that they not only circulated lies against it here but were engaged in the same business in the next world, and that because the stone was rolled from the door of the sepulcher of our Savior, we ought to believe that tables move, and that the Spirits of departed friends have communication with those on *terra firma*. The lecturer's idea of heaven and hell, and man's relation thereto, elucidated by telling a story of some woman who died in an eastern State and her spirit went to a place in which it was not comfortable, and she sent word back to her friends not to bury her body, as the said Spirit intended returning to earth to take up its residence in the old tabernacle again, which was accordingly done, and the woman is now kicking calico and hoops about as of old. Mr. P. was questioned very closely, but could not, or did not, give a satisfactory or intelligent answer to a single interrogatory.—*St. Catharines Semi-Weekly Post*.

Since writing the above, I have received the *St. Catharines Journal* of August 28th, from which I copy an article entitled "Spiritualism, a Dangerous Doctrine." I publish the two articles, and since both can not be true, I leave the public to judge which proceeds from an honest, truthful state, and which from the opposite condition.

SPIRITALISM "A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE."

Mr. Editor—I beg the privilege of noticing a public lecture in this town, on Thursday last, on the subject of modern Spiritualism, by Mr. Charles Partridge, of the SPIRITAL TELEGRAPH, New York. I should not have considered it particularly my duty to offer these remarks, had

* The remark that the audience left the room before the lecture was closed is entirely untrue.

not the meeting been most unfairly and untruthfully noticed in last Friday's *Post*. The whole article alluded to, is not only a senseless rigmarole, but many of its sentences are utterly the *reverse* of the truth. I do not believe there were half a dozen persons present, and I have even doubts whether there was a single one so destitute of sound moral principle as to confirm statements so barefacedly untrue. Is it not singular (perhaps it is *not*, for we are told in holy writ that many "follow darkness rather than light, for their deeds are evil,") that some of the secular Press take such shameless delight in republishing every little "skit" they can clip from their exchanges, sneeringly vilifying Spiritualists and their faith, no matter how flat and false it may be, when, at the same time, they have not the honest manliness to say one word in their favor.

The public may rest assured that the audience (which was large and highly respectable, considering the short notice given,) was composed principally of persons who came there to listen attentively and candidly reflect upon such statements and the Speaker's deductions therefrom, as might be given them; for there was no time during his speaking in which you could not almost hear a pin drop on the floor. He commenced by stating that the *FACT* of disembodied Spirits in the other world communicating with their friends and others here on earth, was as positively proven as any other fact requiring the evidence of *all the senses*, and confirmed by the testimony of thousands of living witnesses, of as good standing and character as the world can produce. He said orthodox Christians need not fear that he had come to demolish their faith—he had come "to build up, and not destroy." That if they would investigate the *modern* manifestations closely and candidly, and compare them honestly and fairly with the more *ancient* manifestations recorded in the Bible, making allowances for the very probable errors that may have unintentionally crept in, in their several translations from the dead languages, they would find the difference not so great or so "dangerous" as they have been led to believe by ignorant pretenders to a knowledge of the subject. That they were, in fact, wholly dependent one on the other, as to their truth or falsity—the one coming to us in precisely the same manner, and with the same physical, moral and intellectual evidences of their truth. I can not follow him through all his interesting narrations and conclusions, which continued about an hour and a half, and was delivered in a plain, gentlemanly and unexceptionable manner, with every indication of being duly appreciated by nine-tenths of all present.—*Jour.*

H. L.
ST. CATHARINES, August 22, 1856.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

REFLECTIONS ON DR. HARE'S REPLY TO F. J. B.

NUMBER TWO.

This number will be devoted to carrying some outposts, and "then comes the tug of war."

JOSEPHUS' DISCOURSE TO THE GREEKS CONCERNING HADES.

I WOULD not say so much on this, if it did not have so direct a bearing upon the pernicious theology of the day.

In reply to what I said about that being a forgery of later ages, and consequently no exponent of what was the belief of any people concerning hell in the time of Christ, Dr. H. says of F. J. B., "It is unreasonable that he should claim for his allegations any authority sufficient to put down those of the Rev. Dr. Harbaugh." I gave the reasons for the piece being a forgery, viz., that it was not included in any lists of Josephus' genuine writings, and contradicts what he has said in the body of his works; and I will now quote enough to show that Dr. Hare's witness is either grossly ignorant or stupidly blind. That Discourse says that Hades is "a subterraneous region," "wherein the souls of *all men are confined* until a proper season which God hath determined, when he will make a *resurrection of all men* from the dead; *not procuring a transmigration of souls from one body to another, but raising again those very bodies'* which they had on earth. The righteous and wicked are separated in that abode. The wicked are confined so near the burning lake that they smell hell, "continually hear the noise of it," and "have a near view of this spectacle as of a terrible and exceeding great prospect of fire." At the resurrection *Christ will judge all*; the righteous to heaven; sinners to the hell they had heard, seen, and felt "the hot vapor" of so long. Now it so happens that all this which I have italicised is a point-blank and silly contradiction of what Josephus did believe. His belief, as he himself has stated it, is as follows: (See War. B. 3, chap. 8, par. 5, do. B. 6, chap. 5, par. 4.)

"The bodies of all men are indeed mortal, and created of corruptible matter; but the soul is ever immortal, and is a portion of the divinity which inhabits our bodies." "Do not you know that those who depart out of this life according to the laws of nature, etc., enjoy eternal fame? that their houses and their posterity are sure; that their souls are pure and obedient, and obtain a most holy place in heaven, [they are not confined in Hades,] and from whence, in the revolution of ages, they are again sent into pure bodies, [here is the transmigration of the souls of the righteous to other bodies, and no general resurrection,] while the souls of those whose hands have acted madly against themselves, are received by the darkest part of Hades, [here is no terrible and exceeding great prospect of fire,] while God, who is their Father, punishes those who offend against either of them (that is, soul or body), in their posterity?"

Punishment of the wicked in their posterity is materially different from a general day of judgment, and sending them to an endless hell. In this discourse concerning Hades, Josephus is represented as saying, he "shall come as judge, whom we call Christ." Now, Josephus, being a Jew, no more believed that Christ would judge the world, than Dr. Hare does. And he says of those predictions which the Jews applied to their expected Christ, and interpreted, that "about that time, one from their country should become governor of the habitable earth"—"this oracle certainly denoted the government of Vespasian, who was appointed emperor in Judea." So foolish is every attempt to pass off this forgery as the work of Josephus, and the belief of the Jews in the time of Christ! And then this foolish forgery, nearly two hundred years after Christ, and before such opinions prevailed in Palestine, must be taken to explain the story of the rich man and Lazarus!

That is the only text in all the Bible that speaks of torment in Hades; and even there, there is nothing said about it being endless. As a parable, it is not to be construed literally. Admitting it was designed to teach punishment in Hades, then Revelation has mentioned the subject once in four thousand years, and in a parable at that. If preachers since had followed the example of Revelation, instead of preaching so much to keep people out of hell, they would have preached more, as they ought, to keep hell out of the people.

MOSES' LAW RESPECTING MARRYING FEMALE CAPTIVES.
DEUT. 21:10—14.

Dr. Hare is down on this law with unmitigated severity; but in judging respecting the merits or demerits of an ancient law, we must not make the present condition of society and the laws which the present state of society requires, our standard. Laws that are adapted to people in one age on account of their lesser degree of development, and will benefit them, are not adapted to them when more advanced and civilized; and laws adapted to a civilized and enlightened people, would not have been suited to them at all when more ignorant and barbarous.

A criminal law shows what barbarities and vices were prevalent at the time of its enactment, and that the legislator was endeavoring to remedy those evils; and for that laudable effort he is to be commended. It was customary in those early times of this law, for captors to subject the female captives to their lust, still holding them as slaves, and selling them whenever they pleased, while the children of such intercourse were still held as slaves. Thus the master could have and sell his own children as slaves! Against this barbarous custom Moses enacts this law, against which Dr. H. inveighs, commanding Jewish captors to hold the persons of the female captives sacred and inviolate. If one desired a captive, he should first set her free, and she should remain a free woman in his house for a month; after that he might marry her, be her husband and she his wife. It was not without making his captive free, and solemnly and lawfully marrying her, that he was allowed to approach her at all; and by this marriage she became entitled to the same privileges as a Hebrew wife, and could be divorced only as a Hebrew woman could be divorced. And, if the husband did divorce her, he could not subject her to servitude again, sell her for money, or make merchandize of her in any way; in short, he could exercise no control over her, and she was at liberty to go where she pleased. Yet this law, protecting the person of the captive from a barbarous and brutal degradation, providing for her lawful marriage and freedom forever, Dr. H. calls "A provision to legalize and facilitate female violation under nominal marriage," etc.; and he asks, "Has language any epithet strong enough to express the deep damnation of the crime thus committed in the name of the Most High?"

Moses' law respecting divorce may be deemed objectionable. It certainly is not adapted to the present state of society; but it may have been as stringent as the people in that age would bear; if so, it was better adapted to them than a different law would have been. It was the law they needed till they were prepared for another. This was the view Christ took of the matter. He rejected unequivocally this law of Moses concerning divorce; but instead of abusing Moses, and attributing to him base and vile designs, he says that Moses allowed this on account of the barbarity of the times, for the hardness of the heart, as a necessary expedient for a time. And the captive woman whom the Jew married was in no worse situation respecting this law than any other woman.

"ON ABRAHAM'S SUBMISSION OF HIS WIFE TO THE PLEASURE OF TWO KINGS."

Such is the caption Dr. H. gives to the history, Gen. 12:10—20; 20:1—13. All I have contended for in this matter, and what in justice I must contend for, is this: As the state of society then was, a person could not do as he would do now, under an altogether different and more favorable state of society; and it is wrong to make the progressed condition of society now the rule to judge Abraham's actions by, as if he were placed in as favorable circumstances as we are.

Dr. Hare says, "as a recompense" for letting Sarah go to Pharaoh's palace, Abraham "is furnished with sheep, oxen, asses and men and maid servants." The history does not say so. That only describes in what Abraham's wealth consisted *before* she went to his palace.

"And he entreated Abraham well for her sake: and he had sheep, and oxen, and he-asses, and men-servants, and maid-servants, and she-asses, and camels."

The account does not say that Pharaoh *gave* Abraham those things, but that Abraham *had* them. And how, in the name of wonder, could he give Abraham what he already had? The reason of mention being made of his treating Abraham well on Sarah's account, in connection with his riches, may find an explanation in Gen. 46:31—34. Abraham was a shepherd, and every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians; yet, for Sarah's sake, Pharaoh did not treat him as a despised and hated shepherd.

In the case of Abimeleck, he, like Abraham, was a shepherd; and after he attempted to take Sarah to himself and had been informed of his error in a dream, (were there no spiritual communications in those days?) "Abimeleck took sheep and oxen, and men-servants, and women-servants, and gave them to Abraham, and restored him Sarah his wife." But to say that he *paid* these "as a recompense," which were *given* as a present, would be unjustly distorting the narrative. If the narrative will justify our saying that Sarah was taken away from Abraham at all, and returned, it requires us to believe that she was taken and returned, as is there stated, There can be no propriety in *taking* the narrative to bring the accusation, and then *distorting* the same narrative to sustain it.

It was customary for those chiefs to make presents from their possessions. Thus we read in the very next chapter, "And Abraham took sheep and oxen, and gave them unto Abimeleck."

ABRAHAM'S EXPULSION OF HAGAR AND HER CHILD.

I regret the necessity of writing so much on this subject, owing to the position in which Dr. H. has placed the matter. We must go back to the beginning. In his book, paragraph 755, Dr. H. said, "Abraham turned his son and his son's mother out to starve." To this I replied, "From the account we have of the matter, Gen. 21:9—21, it is certain that Abraham did not turn them out to starve. He was unwilling to turn them out at all, until he had a spiritual direction, and a promise that they should be provided for. And in this he as fully confided as Dr. Hare does in the revelations made to himself. Nor was Abraham deceived."

Let us see how well the whole history sustains that position; and, that there may be no misunderstanding, let it be understood that this history is the only evidence we have before us, and that one part of it is just as good and as authentic as the other.

Abraham was promised a son. After many years Ishmael was born of Hagar. Abraham reckoned upon him as the promised heir, and doated upon him with all the fondness of a parent upon his only hope. After some years he was informed that Ishmael was not the promised heir, but that Sarah should have a son:

"She shall be a mother of nations; kings of people shall be of her." "And Abraham said unto God, O that Ishmael might live before thee! And God said, Sarah thy wife shall bear thee a son indeed; and thou shalt call his name Isaac; and I will establish my covenant with him for an everlasting covenant, and with his seed after him. And as for Ishmael, I have heard thee: Behold I have blessed him, and will make him fruitful and will multiply him exceedingly: twelve princes shall he beget, and I will make of him a great nation." GEN. 17: 18—20.

Ishmael then was blessed. There was a sphere for him, and an important one; but that sphere was away from Abraham. Providence would make him a great nation.

While Isaac was a child, Sarah became displeased with Ishmael, and said to Abraham:

"Cast out the bond-woman and her son, for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac. And the thing was very grievous in Abraham's sight, because of his son. And God

said unto Abraham, Let it not be grievous in thy sight because of the lad, and because of thy bond-woman; in all that Sarah hath said unto thee hearken unto her voice; for in Isaac shall thy seed be called. And also of the son of the bond-woman will I make a nation, because he is thy seed." GEN. 21: 10—13.

That narrative fully and triumphantly sustains my position, that Abraham, before their expulsion, had the assurance that they should not starve. And he followed a spiritual direction against his feelings, in which he as fully confided as Dr. Hare in any of his communications. *And he was not deceived*; for the account adds, "And God was with the lad; and he grew and dwelt in the wilderness," etc.

How did Dr. H. meet this? Not as I anticipated. He says, "It is begging the question to allege that God sanctioned the expulsion of Hagar with her child to starve in the wilderness. It is in opposition to all the rules prescribed by courts of justice for the admission of evidence, that the testimony of the accused should be taken in exculpation." I am sorry that Dr. H. should persist in the erroneous representation that they were turned out to starve in the wilderness. "It is in opposition to all rules prescribed by courts of justice" to distort, pervert, and misrepresent evidence, in order to condemn a person. In this matter Dr. H. has taken the account to accuse Abraham of the unnatural crime of turning them out to starve, and then turned around and denied the correctness of the account to sustain his groundless charge; and says that following the account on which he has founded the charge, "is begging the question." What evidence has he that Abraham turned out Hagar and Ishmael at all? This account. What evidence has he that he turned them out to starve? None at all. The charge is made without Abraham being accused, and without any evidence! How does he sustain the accusation, after the very account on which he based it was shown to be against him; turns in and denies the correctness of the evidence on which he has based his charge? The account from which he pretends to draw the charge is not to be trusted, and yet the charge remains good!

I am sometimes very positive myself—sometimes severe. But I generally mean to be so in proportion to the strength and abundance of evidence to sustain me in what I allege—not in proportion to the want of it. I do so for justice' sake. And if I did otherwise, I should apprehend that I gave people just reason to apprehend that I was "prejudiced."

The next and last will be on Hilkiah's finding the book of the law by Moses, and the providence of God. F. J. BARRETT.

FANCIES ABOUT AN AUTUMN LEAF.

From an unpublished volume.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

LONE trembling one.

Last of a summer's race withered and sear,
And shivering—wherefore dost thou linger here?

Thy work is done.

Thou hast seen all

The flowers of summer stricken in their tomb,
And the green leaves that knew thee in their bloom,

Wither and fall.

Why dost thou cling

So fondly to the rough and sapless tree?
Hath then existence nought like charms for thee,

Thou faded thing?

The voice of Spring

Which waked thee into being, ne'er again
Will greet thee, nor the gentle summer's rain

New verdure bring.

The zephyr's breath

No more will waste for thee its melody;
But the lone sighing of the blast shall be

The hymn of Death.

Yet a few days,

A few faint struggles with the Autumn storm,
And the strained eye to catch thy trembling form

In vain may gaze.

Pale Autumn leaf!

Thou art an emblem of mortality:
The broken heart once young and fresh like thee,

Withered by grief—

Whose hopes are fled,

Whose loved ones all have drooped and died away,
Still clinging to life—and lingering, loves to stay

About the dead!

But list—e'en now

I hear the gathering of the Autumn blast!
It comes—the frail form trembles—it is past!

And thou art low!



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

COMPENSATION FOR LECTURES.

UNDER this title the *Spiritual Universe* of August 30th, has a leading editorial, containing some very proper and useful suggestions, together with others which we propose to subject to a little friendly criticism. With this object in view we extract the following paragraph :

What would be a fair compensation for lectures adapted to the present wants and wishes of the spiritualistic fraternity? In reply we are prepared to say, that while five dollars for a lecture would be a fair price, that sum would be not more than sufficient to enable one to live comfortably, even if constantly employed. No one can speak oftener than three times a week without doing violence to his constitution; and fifteen dollars a week would be but seven hundred and eighty dollars a year—a sum altogether too small to support a family in any city, where everything is bought at a dear rate. So that, when we say that five dollars for each lecture is a fair price, we would make allowance for necessary expenses of traveling to and from the place. As much as this ought to be done, and done cheerfully and promptly by the true and active friends of the cause. And if more can be given by congregations composed of wealthy and liberal individuals, it would do no harm, inasmuch as a lecturer thus encouraged would feel inclined to go occasionally into new places, without the expectation or desire of reward other than a consciousness of doing good.

The suggestions contained in this paragraph may excite some surprise. It is said that five dollars for a lecture is "a fair price;" also, that "no one can speak oftener than three times a week without doing violence to his constitution." As the writer proceeds to show, this would give the lecturer an income of "fifteen dollars a week," or \$780 per annum. Notwithstanding this is alleged to be "a fair price" for the service rendered, our cotemporary adds, that this is "a sum altogether too small to support a family in any city where everything is bought at a dear rate." Now we do not exactly see the *fairness* of either requiring or expecting a man to labor for a sum that is "altogether" inadequate to the support of himself and family. Perhaps those who lecture on Spiritualism have no right to have families; or, if they have, that their families have no righteous claim to more than a partial subsistence. "Fifteen dollars a week" is the only *certain provision* that our western friend proposes for public lecturers; and in this it is not contemplated that they will save anything, but they will be a little behind from week to week. Nor is there any provision for those who may have the misfortune to be sick for a few days. The fifteen dollars being withdrawn, they must of course subsist on *the fever*, unless their compassionate "neighbors send in something." True, it is proposed to solicit an additional "allowance for the necessary expenses of traveling to and from the places" where the services of the lecturer are required. But defraying the "necessary traveling expenses" will not supply those inevitable deficiencies in the *home department*. If, then, a man can only lecture three times each week, and "fifteen dollars is a fair price" for such labors, and if that sum be altogether insufficient to support his family, it must follow, that in order to be a lecturer (unless one can labor at something else at the same time, which is not contemplated), he must neglect the wants of his own household. Of such an one it is written, "He hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

It will not require much time or space to show that this species of "five dollars" equality operates most *unequally*. If one has inherited wealth, or secured the same by a marriage alliance, and is thus the possessor of houses and lands, the sum proposed may be all and even more than he really needs or should require. Moreover, in the rural districts of the West, where one may rent a comfortable dwelling for from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and where all the real necessities of life are held at *one half* their market value in this city, "fifteen dollars a week" may look like a very respectable income; but in New York, if one has a large family, his rent, fuel, lights, and the services of a single domestic, absorb the whole amount, leaving himself and all the inmates of his house to breakfast and dine on their dreams, to sup on

meditation, and clothe themselves with "a forlorn hope," the "nine small children and one at the breast" being also left to imbibe their education by natural instinct.

The proposal of our Western cotemporary is unjust, inasmuch as it has no reference whatever to the *value* of the article on which he proposes to fix a price. We incline to the opinion that there is a difference in *lectures* as well as in *dry goods and groceries*, and one may as well decide that *cloth* shall be sold at three shillings per yard, and *tea* for nine pence per pound, irrespective of their specific qualities and the public demand, as to propose to establish an uniform price for lectures, without the slightest reference to their real value and the actual wants of the people. A lecture from THOMAS L. HARRIS, ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, JOEL TIFFANY, or some one of our eloquent Female Lecturers, might be cheap enough at twenty dollars; while, for the small sum of five dollars, Elder Screwdriver would, perhaps, be willing to bore the people to death, and Peter Stebbens might fail to secure an audience, thus leaving the brethren to pay for lighting the hall in addition to Peter's "necessary traveling expenses."

We should instinctively resist any attempt to fix a price on the labors of a particular class of men—indeed, of *any man*, as a most unwarrantable infringement of the rights of the individual and the freedom of the public. While we hold it to be the duty of every man to make a free and fearless proclamation of the truth on all proper occasions, *even at the sacrifice of his temporal interests*, we must also insist that it is the just prerogative of every man to estimate the value of his own time and the exercise of his powers, and that it is equally the business of others to decide whether they will, or will not, employ his services. All contracts of this nature, between individuals and the communities they may be called to serve, may, therefore, very properly be left for adjustment to the parties most immediately concerned. We feel assured that Spiritualists are generally intelligent enough to know what they want, and that they are capable of estimating the value of the labors of those who may serve them in a public capacity. While, therefore, any interference in matters of this nature, either on the part of public journalists or others, would be—taking a merely superficial view of the case—highly uncourteous and improper, it can not be denied that, in a more essential sense, it is such an invasion of the sphere of personal freedom and public responsibility as common tyrants have never attempted.

We do not, of course, attribute any such desperate purpose to our cotemporary, but presume that his suggestions were thrown out without sufficient deliberation. We can not for a moment believe that the intelligent Editor of the *Universe* is prepared to sanction what his proposition seems to clearly imply. If we may thus arbitrarily establish a price for the labors of one class of men, we may exercise the same authority over all others, and by this standard proceed to determine the nominal value of every man's goods. We can conceive of no more odious despotism than this, and we feel bound to repel the bare suggestion as utterly incompatible with the fundamental principles of Republicanism, and intensely hostile to the essential spirit of all true Reform.

Paramount importance of Cedars.

WHEN the propriety of listening to Dr. Hare's facts and expositions of Spiritualism was under discussion before the late Scientific Convention, the whole matter was abruptly set aside by an unimportant speech from Prof. Dewey about "the celebrated Cedars of California," and [we quote from the report] his "motion to appoint Prof. Henry as a Committee to correspond with the Government of California, or that of the United States, and request that such steps be taken as will save those magnificent specimens of the power of nature, which motion was agreed to unanimously."

Oh ye "celebrated Cedars of California!" wave gracefully in the morning and the evening breezes; bow your lofty heads as a sign of your superiority, and in acknowledgement of the honor conferred upon ye by the American savans. But as for you, O Spirits of all ages and countries, who were waved out of sight by Prof. Dewey's motion, if you please hide your diminished heads in any convenient place. Appear no more—even through your mortal and "most venerable" representative—before "the American Association for the advancement of Science;" at least, not until the United States has had time to take the necessary steps for the salvation of those great cedars!

A DANGEROUS RECOIL.

THE *Pathfinder* of this city, edited and published by Mr. Whitney, of renunciation notoriety, is out again in opposition to Spiritualism. As heretofore, he admits the fact that Spirits do manifest their presence by a variety of modes; but in his opinion they are allowed to come for no better purpose than to deceive and ruin mankind. He professes to believe that they are already leading innumerable victims to certain perdition. Thus do thoughtless men virtually charge the Supreme Ruler of the Universe with the everlasting ruin of thousands of his creatures whom he thus permits to be led astray by infernal ministers which they have not the capacity to resist, and which He alone has the power to govern. This is of all others the most absurd and monstrous conception of the Divine Nature and government that was ever conceived by a diseased imagination. It shuts out from this world all the Angels of light and love; it separates "the Spirits of just men made perfect" from all association with, and sympathy for, their kindred on earth; while, at the same time, it liberates all the devils in the supposed infernal regions, leaving them to roam at large among men, to prey on human affections and human interests, to blot out forever the Divine image in the Soul, and to spread fearful and lasting desolation over the whole earth.

But let us see how Mr. Whitney undertakes to command what may be denominated a species of constructive blasphemy to popular favor and acceptance. In the first place he quotes, from the *TELEGRAPH* of August 16th, the fact that the Spirits impressed a medium in Boston—that the house, No. 544 Washington-street, had taken fire, which proved to be *a fact*, as our readers may remember—and the Spirit was thus instrumental in saving the building, and, for ought we know to the contrary, the lives of some of its inmates. Does this fact support the assumption of Mr. Whitney, that the Spirits are false, and that their object in visiting the earth is to lead men to ruin? Not at all. On the contrary it proves, so far as the evidence can be found in any single fact, that they come to speak the truth and to save men from destruction. In this instance they came at midnight, on an errand of mercy, to protect the sleeping city from the fearful scourge of the conflagration, and they accomplished the benevolent object of their mission.

The next illustration of spiritual intercourse, adduced by Mr. Whitney in his unreasoning opposition to the Spirits, is a chapter from his own experience, which we copy, because *his facts* afford a complete refutation of his own assumption :

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF MR. WHITNEY.

Having been once or twice to a tipping and writing medium, and becoming convinced there was a power beyond the medium, we were very desirous of proving the identity of a dear, departed one, and drew up a series of questions which we intended to propound to the Spirit. The questions referred to were written on a letter-sheet of paper, and covered the whole four pages in a small and closely written hand. * * * These questions were written by ourselves, when entirely alone and locked in our sanctum, free from mortal sight. Having finished the document, we placed it in an envelope, sealed it, and then placed it inside of our coat breast pocket. We went directly from our office to the room of the medium, holding no conversation with any individual, until the following took place, while seated with the medium at his table, in company with three other persons, entire strangers to us. We had sat probably fifteen minutes at the table, when the medium turned to us and remarked that we could inquire if there were any Spirit who desired to communicate with us. The response came immediately—Yes. After putting two or three questions of minor importance, we concluded we would not produce the written questions, but defer it for another time, when the medium's hand was controlled, and the following message was written out:

"My dear —, why do you not ask the questions you have prepared?"

This was signed with the given name of the Spirit to whom our written questions were addressed. It may be well supposed that it created a surprise in us that we can little describe, knowing, as we did, that the name of the Spirit had not been mentioned, or that any one present knew the Spirit we were seeking.

While under this surprise, a gentleman who sat opposite to us—like us come to investigate—said, "Now, before anything is spoken, let us get a test out of this. Will," continued he, "the Spirit state whether the gentleman has got any questions prepared, and if so, will they indicate it, and write out through the medium's hand, the first question written?" "Yes," was the reply, "he has questions prepared," and the medium's hand wrote out a question. We immediately drew out the letter, opened it, and read to those present the first question on our list, which proved to be an exact copy of the one the medium had written. The Spirit again wrote, "I will now answer your questions; ask them mentally," We held the paper in front of us, using care that the medium or any one present should not overlook us. We then read mentally the questions, and at the end of each question the Spirits responded either by tips or through the medium's hand, correctly and

satisfactorily. Had the Spirit been present in the body, it could not have done it more correctly. We left the circle in a state of thought that no one can conceive of who has not passed through the same scene.

Mr. Whitney is himself the witness on whose testimony he stands convicted of the grossest inconsistency. He affirms that he imposed upon a single Spirit the onerous task of answering as many questions, as he could put on the four pages of a sheet of letter-paper, "in a small and closely written hand;" all of which were answered "correctly and satisfactorily," at a single interview. What more could any reasonable man require? And yet after being honored with the personal attendance of the Spirits for years—after they had given him numerous illustrations of their "long suffering" and immortal forbearance, in hearing his bad logic and in giving truthful answers to his unnumbered questions, he has the folly and ingratitude to accuse them of being false and diabolical; he thus virtually libels his deceased ancestors, and, through the *Pathfinder*, hurls his invectives at the saints in heaven.

We quote again from Mr. Whitney's personal experience, written by himself:

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION FROM THE SPIRITS.

It so happened that most of our family became firm believers with us, with the exception of the mother, who looked upon the manifestations as we do now, she being then a professor of religion, member of a Presbyterian church in a neighboring city, and did all she could to persuade us we all were under the influence of evil, and predicted that no good would come from it, and entreated, begged, and implored her children to renounce it and give it up. So far were her feelings carried, that she even refused to remain with us in the house, and demanded that the younger part of her family should go with her.—While in that state of mind, one of the parties present was observed to be in a singular condition; a paleness came over him, and with tears streaming from his eyes, he called for a pencil, and wrote the following beautiful sentiment, remarking, after he had finished it, that the communication was for her, (the mother,) and was from the Spirit of Christ, as near as his Spirit could approach the earth:

"Let the voice of truth and the voice of reason ever guide you in all your acts. Keep heaven ever in your view, as the great idol of your soul, and as the polar star which shall guide to happiness and glorious immortality. Let love and unity entwine around your hearts a garland of pure affection, which God in his goodness has decreed to all who shall desire to receive it. Be calm, modest, unassuming—trusting in that blessed promise of Jesus, which says: 'Where I am there ye shall also be.'"

She immediately rose from her chair, and exclaimed, "I am a believer in Spiritualism; for while sitting in this chair, I uttered a fervent prayer to Jesus, that if these things were true, he would reveal it to me by a communication from himself. I am satisfied my prayer was heard, and this is the answer." From that hour she became a believer, and has continued so to the present time, and more, she became developed as a medium.

Now what is there in all this that is to be either condemned or deplored? Nothing, whatever, that we can discover. We can not, of course, affirm that the Spirit-communication either did, or did not, come from Christ; but we do say, that were it an integral part of one of John's Epistles, it would be considered altogether worthy of the author, and fit to be bound up with the Gospel of the great Teacher. And what were the effects produced by this communication? We answer, they were all good—*excellent*, the Editor of the *Pathfinder* being the witness. The fervent prayer of his mother was answered through the Manifestations; and her hostility to the truth, which was so great that "she even refused to remain in the house" with her son, was all subdued, and the pious mother declared that she was "satisfied."

We will cite another fact from Mr. Whitney's record of his private experience:

SAVED HIM FROM THE FLOOD.

Happening to visit one evening a well-known medium, then located in Broadway, while sitting outside of the circle which was gathered round the table, not seeking or expecting a communication from the Spirits, the medium wrote the following:

"My dear Son—On your return home, look well to your house. ARIGAIL."

The medium inquired who was present that had a mother in the Spirit-world by that name. We said nothing; none responded, and finally the medium asked, "Is it for this one?" and so on, pointing to several in the room, each response of the Spirit being "No," till it came to us, when the Spirit responded "Yes." We acknowledged the fact that we had a mother deceased by that name, took the communication and returned home. We naturally took a look about the house, but could not discover anything that required our more than usual vigilance, until our attention was directed to a scuttle or trap-door in the roof, which had been blown open by the wind. Having closed this trap-door, our attention was called to the flues, which we found in a precarious condition. Suffice it to say, that had not our attention been directed in the channel it was, by the Spirit, we should have had a large part of our household effects destroyed by soot and water, as in the night one of the most violent rain storms came up, that we ever remember to have seen.

Now these are facts, and to our own mind were understood to be

communications from disembodied Spirits, and the reader will naturally exclaim, We see no evil in all that, but a desire on the part of the spirits to prove their identity, and to promote your worldly comforts and interests. We grant it—and can only say in the language of another, that "whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad;" and we, from the observation of the fruits of modern Spiritualism, are fully satisfied that whom the devil wishes to control, he first makes happy.

We are not a little pained at this melancholy exhibition of blindness and infatuation. Here was a fond mother whose love for her son was stronger than death; she came from beyond the grave to watch over him—to shield him from the coming storm; he admits that he was thus saved from the power of the elements; and yet he can perceive nothing in this providence but the artifice of a *fiend* who smiles but to allure, and whose gentle words are charged with the virus of the serpent and the malignity of hell. He does not deny that it was his mother who came to him—who communicated the message signed "Abigail"—but by implication he compares her to the Prince of darkness. True, the communication was practically useful and altogether agreeable to Mr. Whitney. Yet, after reviewing all this, he can only say, "he is *fully satisfied that whom the devil wishes to control, he first makes happy.*" Alas, for poor human nature!

To illustrate his "present position toward modern Spiritualism," and, at the same time, with a view to justify this sacrificial warfare against the most sacred relations of human nature, and the holiest offices of Heaven to man, the Editor of the *Pathfinder* quotes the following paragraph from Swedenborg:

When Spirits begin to speak with man, he must beware lest he believe them in anything, for they say almost anything; things are fabricated by them, and they lie, for if they were permitted to relate what heaven is, and how things are in the heavens, they would tell so many lies, and indeed with solemn affirmation, that man would be astonished; therefore, when Spirits were speaking, I was not permitted to have faith in the things which they related. * * * * * For they are extremely fond of fabricating, and whenever any subject or discourse is proposed, they think that they know it, and give their opinions one after another, one in one way, and another in another, altogether as if they knew; and if man then listens and believes, they press on, and deceive and seduce in divers ways; for example, if they were permitted to tell about things to come, about things unknown in the universal heaven, about all things whatsoever that man desires, yet [they would tell all] the things falsely, while from themselves: wherefore let men beware lest they believe them. On this account the state of speaking with Spirits on this earth is most perilous, unless one is in strict faith. They induce so strong a persuasion that it is the Lord Himself who speaks and who commands, that man can not but believe and obey.

Now we respectfully suggest that Mr. Whitney's facts contradict Mr. Swedenborg's assertions, as given in the above paragraph, and that no rational man can hesitate in his decision which to accept. The Spirits answered W. *truly*; at least he says so, and their statements were otherwise verified. And yet W. disregards totally the *facts* of his own experience, and defines his present position by crediting the assumptions of Swedenborg on this subject. This folly is the legitimate offspring of that blind devotion to a name which makes of Swedenborg or some other man an arbitrary authority, whose mere dictum is law; or an idol before which creatures, in the likeness of men, bow in servile homage and basely immolate their reason.

We thank Mr. Whitney for his *facts*, for they will serve a far higher purpose than the mere demolition of his own disjointed and miserable theory. His argument reminds us of an old shed built on the sand, with half a roof and no floor; and fit only to be tenanted by bats and such creatures as can not see in clear daylight; but his facts are respectable *ordnance* which it is only necessary to touch off with a spark of reason to demolish the rickety booth he has erected over them. We thus conclude the *argumentum ad hominem*, and dismiss Mr. Whitney's case, still indulging the hope that the Spirits may be pleased to continue their friendly guardianship over him, that he may be preserved from all impending evils, and at length be brought to a true knowledge and just appreciation of their benevolent character and ministry.

Joel Tiffany.

Is now in this city, and proposes to spend about six weeks in this vicinity, during which he will answer the calls of those who may desire him to lecture in any accessible place. Address T., at this office.

Tiffany's Monthly.

FOR SEPTEMBER, is all in type, and will be ready for delivery in a few days. With this number commences the second semi-annual volume of the Magazine.

CURIOS EXPERIMENT BY A SPIRIT.

Mrs. J. C. MILLER of this city (daughter of C. Laurie, Esq., of Washington, D. C.) is a medium for various illustrations of Spirit power and intelligence. During a recent personal interview, Mrs. M. related the circumstances of a curious manifestation which occurred on the evening before, at her private rooms in Prince-street, her husband and Dr. Moore being present. Before witnessing the phenomenon described in the subjoined communication, Dr. M. was in no way inclined to credit the claims of Spiritualism, but we learn that he is now satisfied. Mrs. Miller is a writing medium and, as may be inferred, the following description of the manifestation was written with her hand by the Spirit that made the experiment, and who claims to be Dr. Franklin.

THE DOCTOR'S REPORT OF HIS EXPERIMENT.

FRIEND BRITTON:

I took a small bottle belonging to Dr. Moore and which was filled with an extract for the headache; I first placed Mrs. M.'s finger over the mouth of the bottle, and by electricity forced the liquid from the bottom, until it fell in drops from the glass. I then placed her mouth over the mouth of the bottle, causing the liquid to boil like the water in a pot. I next forced every particle of the liquid out of the sides of the bottle, still using Mrs. M.'s breath as a forcing pump; and, finally, cracked the bottom nearly all round and violently blew it away, and thus completing my experiment, showing that glass is filled with very fine pores, and if it is very thin can be expanded by the breath and electricity until any liquid it may contain can be forced out. But our learned men of your day say otherwise.

BEN FRANKLIN.

The gentlemen will place their names to this as a certificate of the truth of the above. Both are reliable men.

B. F.

We hereby certify that the foregoing description of a novel experiment and its remarkable results, is in strict accordance with the facts, as they were witnessed by the undersigned.

J. M. MILLER. J. D. MOORE.

Return of T. L. Harris.

It is expected that our Brother T. L. Harris will again lift up his voice in Dodworth's Hall next Sunday, after an absence from this city of over three months, which he and his wife have been spending in quietude on the borders of Scroon Lake, Warren Co., N. Y. Bro. H. will be most cordially welcomed back to our midst once more, by the multitudes who have heretofore listened to his public discourses with such high satisfaction; and unless other places have more imperious calls upon his labors, we sincerely hope that his services may be secured by the Spiritualists of New York for some time to come. Before he retired to the solitudes of his late rural abode in the early part of June last, he cherished the hope that rest and recreation during the summer might so far restore his health as to obviate the necessity of his migrating to a southern clime during the coming winter; and we trust he has not been disappointed in this expectation. It is the intention of himself and lady now to spend a few weeks preceding the cold season, at Southold, L. I., a position convenient of access to this city, and where he may be addressed by those desiring to secure his services as a lecturer.

Lectures by Judge Edmonds.

The Spiritualists' meetings in Dodworth's Hall were resumed last Sunday, on which occasion Judge Edmonds lectured, morning and evening. In his morning discourse he drew a comparison between the events and circumstances attending the introduction of Christianity, and the spiritual manifestations and collateral occurrences of this day, and showed that in many particulars there was a parallelism between the two. His remarks were clear and pointed, and we believe they produced a good result. We had not the pleasure of hearing the evening discourse, but have seen those who were present, and who speak of it as an able performance, which was listened to by a crowded and highly appreciative audience.

Mrs. Jennie E. Kellogg.

We are happy to learn that, after a protracted illness, Mrs. Kellogg has at length so far recovered as to be able to entertain her friends, and to give attention to strangers who may desire to visit her for the purpose of obtaining information from their departed friends. In all her relations Mrs. K. is universally respected and beloved, and especially is she esteemed as an interesting and reliable medium for communion with the world of Spirits. An hour spent at her Rooms is quite sure to be remembered by the refined and intelligent visitor, for the sacred pleasure which the interview seldom fails to afford.

On and after Tuesday next, Mrs. Kellogg will receive visitors at her Rooms, 625 Broadway.

Speaking in the Trance State.

L. J. PARDEE, an eloquent and impressive trance speaker, is now stopping for a few weeks in this city, and will answer the calls of friends in this vicinity, who may desire his services in the public lecture room or before private assemblies. He may be addressed at this office until the first of October, and thereafter at Buffalo, N. Y., care of D. C. Dinsmore.

CORRECTION.—The name "F. J. Barrett," attached to the article which terminates on page 135, this Number, is wrong. It should have been signed "F. J. B." but the author's name is not Barrett.

We learn that Miss Jay is at Palo, Ogle county, Ill., and that she will remain there until about the last of this month.

PORTRAITS OF THE IMMORTALS.

We believe that the drawing medium referred to by Mr. Miltenberger, in the subjoined communication, has been controlled by some invisible artist to execute many other similar pictures, wherein the forms, features, and expression of the departed have been vividly restored. We have been permitted to examine specimens which were said to be likenesses, and we must say that they possessed artistic merits which could not fail to occasion surprise. The Editor will thank Mr. M. for a photograph copy of the specimen in his possession.

A NEW MANIFESTATION.

On my route west from Pittsburg, I stopped one train at Joseph Smith's Spirit-room, which is located about three-fourths of a mile from Cardington, a station thirty-eight miles north of Columbus, Ohio, on the direct route from Pittsburg (*via* Cleveland) to St. Louis. Mr. S. is very hospitable, lives very comfortable, and will entertain any sincere searcher after truth; nor is there such a "hard road to travel," as that which leads to Koons.

I wrote a short account of my visit there one year ago. Mr. S. was not then able to get the manifestation in his own family. At that time he had Nahum Koons as the medium, and I here wish to commend his perseverance as an example to all true Spiritualists.

Mr. S. and wife visited Koons' room about two years ago. They were skeptics, but remained eighteen days in close attendance, and at length were converted, and were promised by King, the presiding Spirit, that if they would fit up a retainer and set off a room for the sole use of the Spirits, he would organize a band of Spirits to operate for him. Mr. S. returned and did so, and there they sat *every night for eighteen months* before the Spirits came. Opposed from without, assailed by jeers and laughter, and at the same time doubting the result, this old couple remained calm and serene, at times still strong in faith that the manifestations would come at last; and they did come to reward their noble heroism. And there they are every night to be found, with from one hundred to two hundred people gathered in the room, in the adjoining rooms, on the porches and on the grass. The Spirit Kabel will sometimes pass out of the Spirit-room, and beat the tambourine while passing around over the heads of the people in the adjoining room.

The manifestations that I saw and heard have, for the most part, been often described; but some that were presented are new. I saw as many as twenty lights floating about the room—some small, some as large as my hand; they would rise up from all sides and float over our heads, dart back and forth, and vanish.

They had *three* Spirits speaking, two at once, and their voices are more distinct and characteristic than ours are. One of them sang "Uncle Ned" (by request) and accompanied himself on the accordion. I was much pleased with the music (I am a judge) of the harps, accompanied with the bells of the tambourine; it was as good music as I wish to hear.

The tambourine fondled me several times, and by way of variety kept with the drums by beating the time on my head—gently, however, as a child might do it.

But to the new manifestation: I found there Edward Rogers of Columbus, Ohio, a medium whom I saw a year ago, but could not then procure anything from him. Mr. Rogers was born in England, is a tailor in humble circumstances with but an ordinary education. He seats himself, places his portfolio on his lap and his colored crayons on a chair beside him—he is *blindfolded* and remains passive. The influence seizes him and he is set to work, with a nervous rapid execution; first here—then there—then back again, dropping one color and seizing another, so rapidly that you can scarcely detect the changes. In *thirty minutes* he handed me a *beautiful picture*, of a girl about ten years of age, and a *perfect likeness* of a neice now several years gone to the *Spirit-world*. To test the likeness, on my arrival home, *without any remarks*, I displayed it to my wife. She at once pronounced the name of the one it purported to be drawn for.

Aside from the likeness, it has merit of a high order as an artistic production. I asked one how long he thought it would take a proficient to produce such a picture? His reply was, "Any artist that could produce such a picture in less than *four days*, would make his fortune."

I do not remember that I ever saw or heard of a manifestation more pleasing and satisfactory in all respects than this unexpected one is to me. Mr. Outley is attempting to take photographs from it, and if successful I will send you one.

Truly Mahan's Od Force is learning very fast. If I mistake not, there was some time ago a reward offered for some *practical result* to flow from Spiritualism; if so, I shall certainly claim it, for if this like ness is not a practical result, I do not know what is.

St. Louis, October, 1856.

A. MILTENBERGER.

THE MORMONS.—Theodore Olshausen, of St. Louis, Mo., has published in German a "History of the Mormons, or Latter Day Saints, in North America;" from which it appears that America contains 68,700 of that sect, of whom 38,000 are in Utah, 5,000 in New York, 4,000 in California, 5,000 in Nova Scotia and Canada, and 2,000 in South America and the Islands. Europe contains 39,000, of whom 32,000 are in Great Britain and Ireland, 5,000 in Scandinavia, 1,000 in Germany and Switzerland, 500 in France, and 590 in the rest of Europe. In Asia there are said to be 1,000; in Africa 100; in Australia and Polynesia 2,400; on travel 2,800. There are, besides, 8,500 schismatics, including Strangites, Rigdonites, and Wighties. These numbers amount in the aggregate to 116,500, and it is supposed that the whole sect can not exceed 120,000.

THE SOUTH ROYALTON CONVENTION.

MAN is gregarious. It is not good for him to be alone. Left to himself he becomes angular, opinionated, dogmatical. The same is true of neighborhoods and societies that do not mingle with others more or less foreign. There is no minister like "our minister" to the saints who worship at our altar. Paul was the brighter man for his peregrinations. I think he drew from his "voyages and travels" the inspiration which enabled him to "thank God" that he had used the plunge-bath and the surgeon's knife so sparingly on the "young converts." Railroads and steamboats ought to be honorary members of the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign and Domestic Missions." They are far more effective "agents" for the "conversion" of the world than any *that* august body ever sent into the field, I am tolerably sure. The corps of engineers, and the army of apostles of the spade and of the pickaxe who followed in their wake, little dreamed while they were casting up a highway for the "Iron Horse," which was simply to draw gold and silver into the pockets of its owners, that they were "laying a track" upon which *all the world* was to advance from out of its isolation, sectionalism and sectarianism, into a sympathy of feeling and a similarity of experience which will finally evolve the glorious consummation—"One Lord, one faith, one baptism!"

So I could not but think whilst for *me* they were annihilating the space which, a few years past, lay between this city and the interior of the State of Vermont. So I could not but think, when arrived there, and feeling the warm pulsations of the hearts of brothers and sisters although located in the bosoms of strangers never seen till that hour, and never perchance to be seen again with my mortal eyes, but to be *felt*, thank God, by a heart whose pulsations will never cease—aye, and to be seen, too, by an eye that shall grow brighter while the stars do pall, and the sun himself shall become dim with age!

It is not possible to express in words the sacred joy which rested upon every soul and thrilled the harp-strings of the Spirit, even as the deep blue of heaven rested upon the green earth, and its mellow sunlight and gentle breath did fill the lungs of tree and bird and man with life and joy unutterable. What matter the names of those who were instrumental to, or participants of, this glorious banquet—this "feast of fat things"? They were immortal *men* and *women*, our brothers and sisters—let that suffice; and though they sat down to this feast a little in advance, being more hungry than some other members of the family, "In their Father's house there is bread enough and to spare," and those who do truly "hunger and thirst" shall not be sent "empty away." Such admirable "conditions," such excellent order such absence of all great "I's" and little "you's," such truly human brotherhood, how could it but attract the love of heaven and the divine harmony and wisdom? This remark to a friend seemed pressed out of me as we retired from the grove on that sloping hill-side, and left it in all its beauty to the calm, deep night, and its exhaustless mine of stars—"If God has not been here to-day, where was he?"

They have but few mediums for physical manifestations in all that region, and the reason seems to me plain enough, if I could but state it without offense. Let me try to do so, however, by premising that I do not reverently believe that one "gift" in the great "diversity" which characterizes the race, is just as good and as great as another. To me the basilar region of the brain is just as holy as the coronal, and the organ of Amativeness quite as pure as the organ of Veneration, I say, to me; but the church, having swallowed all the animals let down in the blanket of Peter's visions without being able to digest so much as the hind quarter of a single one of them, they have soured on its stomach and produce a vertigo which gives to things that "God has cleansed," with most especial and peculiar care, the appearance of being very vile and "unclean;" for which I am truly sorry, because, if it be not distinctly understood that the whole difficulty lies in the diseased stomach of the church, and not at all with God and the "diversity of gift" he has bestowed upon us, some "good medium" for the raps" will be sure to take offense with what I am about to remark, which is, that the people of those parts are, in general, possessed of too much mental activity, and are quite too large in the frontal region of the brain, and *too high* in the direction of "Firmness" and that other organ, very imperfectly named "self-esteem," to secure for themselves the indispensable passivity for what are usually denominated physical manifestations.

Healing mediums, speaking, writing, seeing and singing mediums—rarely equalled—they, however, have in great perfection, and it was profitable to observe their growth, which was plainly visible in several instances. It will be remembered by some of the readers of the TELEGRAPH, that its Editor and myself attended a convention of Spiritualists held on the same ground, just one year before. Meeting again several of the mediums who were present then, gave me a fair opportunity for observation. I have stated the result—growth, progress, most decided progress, covering the whole mental area, and reaching to its very depths. Then again, the same time and place, and precisely the same management and efforts, produced a gathering of people more than twice as large as that of the year before.

These meetings continued for three days, and grew in numbers and in interest to the very latest session. For depth of thought, and breadth also, as well as for beauty of expression, for the variety of talent, and for the uniform presence of the divine spirit of human love and brotherhood, which cemented and bound all that was said and done and felt, in one imperial bouquet of beauty; that South Royalton Convention of Spiritualists will be long remembered, for the whole has been preserved in a vase of roses, not only to bless and beautify the present participators, but to reappear with undiminished fragrance in their children after them.

R. T. HALLOCK.

Original Communications.

THE HOUSE WHEREIN I DWELL.

BY ALFREDE.

FAR away from the land of my birth,
Imprisoned I lie
In a cell built from the cold, dead earth;
Shut out from the sky.
Darksome and drear is each lead-winged year,
For it passeth me by and I still am alone;
But tongue can not tell the worth of the cell
That foldeth me close in its heart of stone.
A dim, faint memory steals at times
Aross my mind, and airy rhymes
Of an olden song that my childhood knew
When the earth was bright and the heavens blue,
Faintly chime in the dusky haze
That darkens the thought of those sun-lit days;
Then Spirits came from their homes on high
And whispered joy to my childish mind.
They told the secrets of earth and sky,
The ocean's cave, and the home of the wind;
I dwelt then, as now, in this earth-built cell,
But then it was light and all went well.
There were outlets wide, through which the day
Streamed into my prison in gladsome ray,
And I could look forth on the sun of love,
And mark the peopled heaven above;
But as years marched on with a measured tread,
There arose from the dust of the buried dead
The soul-chilling mists of Doubt and Fear,
False learning and lack of faith in the near
Presence of God, and these shadows grim
Made of themselves a twilight dim,
Through which I could darkly see the sky;
And when the moon and the stars passed by
And rained upon me their silvery light,
Distorted by my earth-dimmed sight
They shone with a lurid burning glare,
And trembling through the heated air,
Were like the eyes of fiends of hell,
Mocking me even within my cell.
Voices without rang through the walls—
Voices of anger, pitiful calls
For help and assistance, mocking cries,
Mingled with moans of death agonies.
Yet I raved on, self-maddened, still
Owning no god but the god of my will.
At times through the horrible din and turmoil,
Through the weary cries, and groans of toil,
There would fall from heaven upon the ear,
Silvery Spirit-voices clear,
Bidding me rise and seek the light;
But I turned away and sought the night,
Spurning as false what the voices said,
I bowed me down and worshipped the dead.
Darker and darker my prison grew;
Nearer and nearer the cold walls drew;
The years of the past behind me lay;
Nothing I knew of the living day—
Of the heaven-shut landscape about me then;
They had faded away from my memory's ken.
One day as I bowed down in agony,
Praying for light that I might see,
A strange light came with silvery gleam,
And before me stood, as it were in a dream,
A beautiful Spirit in vesture white,
With a lofty brow enringed with light;
She gazed upon me with pitying eyes,
(Hued like the summer-evening skies.)
With finger up-pointed she whispered "Good cheer—
It is but for a while thou tarryest here;
The cage shall be broken, the bird set free,
And time shall merge in eternity."
Gently she touched the lids of my eyes,
And as sweet music came trembling by,
She passed in its being and was gone.
I rose on my feet, mine eyes were unsealed;
In cheerful radiance beamed the morn,
Disclosing mountain and wood and field;
Summer odors of Paradise, borne
On wings of wind, did their fragrance yield,
While heavenly chants of music rare
Thrilled and throbbed through the list'ning air.
Still, still I dwell (but no longer alone)
In my dreamy cell, in this heart of stone.
But I'm happy now as happy can be,
My sky is blue and unclouded now,
Green trees bend over me lovingly,
Singing birds sing upon every bough,
Sunny ripples sing silvery.
For time has breathed on the crumbling wall,
In a few short years to the earth it must fall,

I know I shall soon be free.
 The earth will have vanished like a dream,
 The "Shadows which are not as they seem,"
 Will have passed away before the day—
 Before the bright effulgent ray
 Of the Spirit-sun; the dream will be past,
 The turmoil of earth will be ended at last;
 On my prison's dust erect I shall stand
 As I enter the life of the Spirit-land,
 To Eternity.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK.

Continued.

RETURNING out of Asia," says "Brother Shandy" to "my Uncle Toby," quoting in his affliction from the diary of a traveler who left Asia about two thousand years before "Brother Shandy" needed his consolation—"returning out of Asia, I began to view the country round about; *Aegina* was behind me, *Megara* was before, *Pyrus* on the right hand, *Corinth* on the left." My case exactly; returning out of Sugar Grove only, on viewing the country round about, the Borough of Warren instead of *Aegina* was behind me, Buffalo and the Falls were before (and quite a number of miles before, too,) the terrible little village of "Busti" was at my feet, a hemlock crowned mountain on my right hand, and its elder brother on my left, to keep it from being lonesome o' nights.

A lovely spot is that Borough of Warren, situated in a narrow vale which the Allegany has scooped out of the surrounding mountains and enriched by its alluvial deposits, doubtless for the express purpose of growing one of the most beautiful little Hamlets and other indiginous and esculent roots, to be found in the whole district. Steamboats and occasionally other strangers visit it, borne on the rapid waters of the lovely Allegany, when its bosom swells with liquid joy at the departure of old winter, as the mountains drop their tears of gladness into its crystal stream in very transport that their hoary sides are again to be clothed with verdure, and their solitudes to become vocal with the music of birds.

It is a prominent thought, applicable as well to the whole north, if not to the whole country, as to the farm-covered hills by which we are now surrounded, that one quarter of a century from this time must see it the possessor of almost unlimited wealth. This is agriculturally and commercially certain. It is logically deducible from premises that cannot fail, for they are solid as gold and silver. But where is the wisdom to come from which is to teach its proprietors how to make it productive of the highest rational use or enjoyment? The sum of money to be expended in dress so as to yield the highest use, or pleasure if you will, that clothes can give, is about as well defined as the multiplication table. So of food, so of furniture, etc. What of the surplus? Expend it in improvement? Good! But then the improvement that does not improve thee, is of but little worth. What signifies it that thy barns be full, if thy brains be empty? He who does not as regularly expand his intellect as he does his acres; who does not gather wisdom as he gathers wheat; he who does not value the "milk of human kindness" while he takes an inventory of his dairy, is not rich, is not happy.

I had a thought deeper, I trust, than the mere love of "charcoal sketching" in the detail of the miserable two-penny "squabbles" I have noticed in these "incidents" of travel. They were sketched, dear reader, by way of appeal to thy sense of unity and beauty as to so many dark storm clouds, as to an imperfect sky over-hanging a landscape of inexpressible beauty as so many mephitic vapors poisoning the sweet air of Heaven and making of all the glad earth a Hell! Why, even in this fair village that we have just left, this "Borough of Warren" as they style it here in Pennsylvania, they are without a bridge to cross the Allegany, simply and solely because it couldn't be twisted so as to land opposite every man's door! In the "palmy days" of that "green monster" so sadly misgoverned and abused, its good President with little wit made an everlasting "loan" to the village, of sufficient money to build a bridge. And a bridge was therefore built through the aid of Nicholas Biddle. But Nicholas and his bridge are both gone now; the bones of the one and the abutments of the other are all that is left of them. The "Borough," I take it, will not find another Biddle very soon; and until they do, they will not be likely to realize another bridge, unless through one or two contingencies which may happen, that is to say, unless they find sense enough within themselves to stop the selfish dispute about its location, or find a bridge builder with sense enough to construct a sort of patent, double action, revolving unlimited extension carriage way; so that when Lawyer Smoky or Parson Dull wants to cross, all they will have to do will be to order the bridge around. Until one or the other of these possibilities "turns up," the "Borough" aforesaid will be most likely, when it wants to cross the river, "to paddle its light canoe," at an outlay, too, of "elbow grease" and copper coin in any one year, more than enough to build them a bridge that would last ten, and let itself be crossed for nothing. So, you see, with all their profusion of dollars and cents, they are too poor in unselfishness, and the true wisdom which it imparts, to contrive and perfect means to get themselves over a running brook dry shod! Would it be accredited that man could be such a dunce as he is, were it not for daily contact with his folly?

Whilst my hand is upon the pulse of the country, I not only feel that it is "slightly indisposed"—it knows for itself that it has "got a pain somewhere"—but that it does not yet see what ails it or where, the difficulty lies. When a man "feels queer" in the morning after a very happy party over night, it never is the wine, you know; of

course not. It was the cake. So when the country feels "queer about the gills," it never is affected in the least by the "family jars" between Elder Nettletop and Deacon Gooseberry about a pew in the village church. Oh! no, bless you. The minister himself might win laurels in that "holy war," and very often does, too. He, good man, draws "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon," (that is, the whiniard of polemics,) for conscience' sake in such a cause, and with a coat of zeal by way of "harness to his back," and a porcellian Jesus glued to a bit of timber stuck in his ram beaver by way of standard, he "goes up to battle" not only, but comes down again with victory! Victory, in general so complete, that after the smoke of the conflict has settled a little, not a foe nor a friend either is to be found alive or dead in the whole church! A perfect "Kilkenny cat fight" that the country has enjoyed over and again in which not the "tip end of the tail" of Gospel or Christianity has been "left for a token" that such things ever had existence or value!

But that didn't make us sick—of course not. It is the loafersism of the "Sixth Ward," not of the "sewing society," perchance under our very nose, that disagreed with us. Yes, yes! that is it without doubt. Now, if these moral philosophers would but condescend to "speculate," they might (on the authority of a boy I once read of in history) enrich themselves beyond the reach of want by simply investing their capital in, say about fifty or seventy-five yoke of oxen, and then in some "eligible situation" set up a "dry dairy." I tell thee, my dear country, the loafersism that manifests itself in rum and rags, the loafersism so trippingly denounced from the pulpit and punished by the courts, is just nothing in its power for mischief compared with that which lurks unnoticed in the very midst of thee, which always wears broadcloth and a sober face, which sits in high places not unfrequently, which occupies now and then thy "sacred desk" and dispenses injustice with thy vaunted right arm of law!

I see, though, it will never do to talk in this way. I lack refinement; I know it, and wish I could find some. My good friend Brittan of the TELEGRAPH abhors the word loafers next to the thing itself. Dear country, let us be commercial and strike a bargain; let the party of the second part cease to be it, and "the party of the first part will enter into a solemn 'undertaking' not to name it. Thou dost not like my coarse and vulgar phrases and figures? Why then live a life of vulgarity? It offends thee to hear sacred things clothed in the common garb of street life. It offends me to see earnest things in "ball costume." Mr. Dombev once did so far unbend and relax his lumbar vertebrae as to bless the world with the beautiful remark that, "He had no doubt nature was a tolerably respectable institution." How chaste and delicate, and yet, to thee and me, how coarse and vulgar must be the soul that could utter it! Why, look thou! I must not speak of the lofier themes of immortality and the soul in language of the Wall street animals, the "bulls and bears." What is thy God but a great lottery dealer! whose "prizes" are "eternal life," and his "blanks"—"damnation!" Thy religion is "all a lottery" in which thou dost play the game of win and lose, where thou expectest to win an everlasting fortune for thy sorry investment of copper coin! I conjure thee cease to do it, if thou wouldst have me refrain from speaking of it. What is thy "glorious scheme of salvation" but a "sell," more infamous by far than any mere "slang" signification of the word can be? Here is the great difficulty; thou art in love with words, smooth words. Thou art going to destruction on a car of fine phrases. I want to scratch the paint and gilding off, and let thee see what a dirty, ricketty thing it is.

Let us pay a little attention to the "inside of the cup and the platter." Here is vulgarity again. What am I to do? The questions pressing upon this age for solution are beyond all precedent earnest, solemn and momentous, because of the greater ability to answer them than ever before. We must make all due effort to answer them, however, or they will assuredly answer us, and end us, too; the alternative is, solve them or be dissolved by them, and rendered back to chaos again. The "Sixth Ward" type of all the loafersism in the land could be neatly "trimed and cut" in "ninety days from date" if thou and I were not such incorrigible loafers ourselves. Our "wishey washey" Gospel, too, can be solidified and purified so as to smell better in the nostrils of God and the nineteenth century than it does now. But to do so requires less praying and fine speeches, but more work.

Elder Snozzle had two naughty boys who thought just enough of him to fear his wrath, and that was all. One day the oxen "wouldn't gee" right away, and so they got excited and left their work, and ran into the woods to swear! Let us be wiser. Though the world don't "gee" as soon as we would like, don't quit work; don't get angry and run into the woods to pray even, let alone to swear; pray and work; pray in work; "work is worship." It will "come round" sooner than one of "little faith" would be apt to suppose. We shall be astonished to find how right the world will be as soon as we all get right ourselves.

Indulge me now with one word more on the topic we left in the road a mile or so back, when we stopped the team to run across lots after that loafers, and then I will endeavor to get on a little. I have tried thy patience often, I know, but then I don't take snuff and must do something. I can't sit here in this comfortable "rockaway" twiddling my thumbs, whilst all along the road texts innumerable are asking to be preached. The one at that time gesticulating so imposingly was Wealth—the question being how to use it so as to make us truly rich. I threw myself on that bridge just by way of showing how not to do it, and there I leave it with thee. The word for which I bespeak thy patience just now, however, is this. But first, my beloved country, don't monopolize. I know many dear friends in town whom it may edify as well as thee. But to return;

if thou dost insist that my one word be briefly expressed, here it is in one syllable—GREED! There is poison enough in that little word to destroy all the peace and happiness in the world. Canada thistles and rattle snakes are nothing to it. Yet there it is flourishing in all the old pasture fields of the country, and its "essential oil" is the perfume which fills our parlors in the city. Think not its symptoms are to be detected only in the adding of farm to farm, bond to bond, or house to house. I have myself several patients whose disease must be named—Greed for good! a strange malady, though common, and quite as likely to attack the Doctors as their patients. It appears also under many forms. Sometimes the sick man can't let a "dead language" rest quietly in its grave, but must have it out at the risk of an incurable catarrh in the head from the fog and dust of the sepulcher it has been in so long. Mrs. Blimer, I think it was, the very correct female principle of that great institution where Mr. Toots was done and then "brought out"—I think it was Mrs. Blimer who, when the great Sir Barnet Skettles inquired what he could do to make her comfortable, replied, "If he would but transport her to Tusculum and the society of her dear Cicero, she should feel better." But as it was not convenient for Sir Barnett to do that, Mrs. Blimer stills remains quite poorly.

Another can't let the Jews alone for one minute, but must sleep with the Bible under his head, Josephus at his feet and Emanuel Swedenborg or "Scott's commentary" as the case may be, to lay his hand upon, so that as soon as his "night mare" is groomed he may whisk them all into his saddle-bags for company whilst he enjoys an airing on that gallant steed. How these do one and all pity, and rightly, too, the men of bonds and mortgages, they who "devour widow's houses" notwithstanding themselves will gloat over the unexpected discovery of a quaint idea of Pythagoras or Socrates, like a Chatham street Jew over the possession of a crooked sixpence which has lain for years in the neglected corner of some forgotten pocket in a second-hand coat.

Greed for God! for Jesus, for prayer, for science, for the arts as well as for gold; these are all forms and manifestations of the one subtle disease, working at the vitals of human happiness and poisoning the fountains of its inner life. No time to rest the weary bones of the spirit, no time to relax its muscles and let them grow—no time to laugh and play the very fool, which is often true wisdom; "flying right in the face of Scripture," which declares there is plenty of time for it; elbow greese and "midnight oil" in constant requisition; whole night spent in a lamp light search for a trifle that may be found in one minute when the sun shines—these are all unerring indications of the progress of the one disease. But there is one more which must complete the diagnosis for the present. The sufferer invariably mistakes his greed for the good he is after. The land owner wants another farm for his youngest daughter's marriage portion. The scholar must dig into his brains and books for one more "dead language" just to see for himself what Scipio Africanus thought about pickles. The Christian must have God all to himself, and all the time, that he may become so rich in good as to be able to devote the little remainder of eternity to the establishment of spiritual "soup kettles" for the benefit of poor sinners and the distribution of heavenly five-dollar bills from the windows of his celestial "coach and six" to the needy beggars who can't afford to enter his costly sanctuaries on earth.

Now do but notice how all this does utterly fail. My dear money-getter, hast thou not remarked how almost invariably a cure accompanied every "thousand" left to the young heir? And how a "cool fifty thousand" completely laid him by the heels? Thou lovest thy son and wouldst see him expand into a blessing to mankind? First of all, then, give him a truly human constitution of body and of soul, or suffer him not to be at all. What right hast thou, in the first place, to curse the world with a nimcompoop, and then to belittle thyself and rob thy neighbor to gild him with silver and gold? I say, give him a constitution written upon the very bones of him, put his fortune in the cradle where he lies, that they may be rocked and nursed together. Give him the benefit of the best light thy judgment can find for him, with respect to life, present and eternal, its duties self ward and relational, and then bid him go out to its great "battle," trusting in God and keeping "his powder dry."

Lend me thine ear also, thou man of defunct languages, who sittest all the night long by the forgotten grave of some dead Jew or Greek; take a sniff if thou wilt at the "sacred dust" and come away quickly. The morning light is here to show thee many more beautiful things than can be found hidden therein. The Saviour is not there. He is risen; it is time for thee to rise, too. Get up and shake thyself. With all thy groans, gravity and veneration, thou art not advancing heavenward one inch. The gravest things I did ever meet withal were a "mud-poke," an owl, a donkey, and a man with a "long face," and I declare to thee there were not brains enough in that grand quartette to furnish forth an organ-grinder with a profitable partner and long tailed companion. Dost mark how children play, and laugh, and halloo, and grow strong by doing so? Did nature make a mistake? O! thou art not a child of nature; thou hast smashed her all up and art a "babe of grace!" Very well. Then take one farewell look at the "lilles of the field and the birds of the air," and crawl out of my sight and into thy sepulcher of sadness as soon as possible. Cover thyself with gravity and prayer—meeting dulness as with a pall, and lie there till the resurrection and a good deal longer, unless Gabriel set his trump to the tune of Old Hundred! "Hark! from the tombs" is not addressed to thy state at all it is too merry; so don't be in a hurry. The angels do not always "weep;" they do laugh right joyously when they see anything to move their mirth, such a solemn object as thyself, for instance. But it would offend thy dignity mightily to hear them, though the twelve apostles should themselves enjoy jest.

Interesting Miscellany.

"SPURN NOT THE GUILTY."

BY CAROLINE M. SAWYER.

SCORN not the man whose spirit feels
The curse of guilt upon it rest;
Upon whose brain the hideous seals
Of crime and infamy are prest!
Spurn not the lost one—nor in speech
More cold and withering than despair
Of stern, relentless vengeance preach—
For he thy lessons will not hear!

Twill rouse a demon in his heart
Which too late wouldst strive to chain,
And bid a thousand furies start
To life, which ne'er may sleep again.
No! better from her forest lair
The famished lioness to goad,
Than in his guilt, remorse, despair,
With vengeful threats the sinner load.

But if a soul thou wouldst redeem,
And lead a lost one back to God;
Wouldst thou a guardian angel seem
To one who long in guilt hath trod—
Go kindly to him—take his hand,
With gentlest words, within thine own,
And by his side, a brother, stand,
Till thou the demon sin dethrone.

He is a man, and he will yield
Like snows beneath the torrid ray,
And his strong heart, though firmly steeled,
Before the breath of love give way;
He had a mother once, and felt
A mother's kiss upon his cheek;
And at her knees at evening knelt,
The prayer of innocence to speak.

A mother! ay, and who shall say,
Though sunk, debased, he now may be,
That spirit may not wake to-day
Which filled him at that mother's knee?
No guilt so utter e'er became,
But 'mid it we some good might find;
And virtue, through the deepest shame,
Still feebly lights the darkest mind.

Scorn not the guilty, then, but plead
With him in kindest, gentlest mood.
And back the lost one thou mayst lead
To God, humanity, and good!
Thou art thyself but man, and thou
Art weak, perchance, to fall as he—
Then mercy to the fallen show,
That mercy may be shown to thee.

LAPLAND LOVE MAKING.

WHEN a young gentleman in Lapland desires to assume new responsibilities, he lays in a large stock of brandy, and his parents, relatives and friends meet in as great numbers as possible, to treat the friends of the bride desired. Neither bride nor bridegroom is expected to betray anxiety or interest in the proceedings; the Arctic Mrs. Grundy, who is very strict in such matters, would be very much scandalized if they should. Beside the great mass of relatives and friends, of aunts and fourth-cousins, who must attend, there is a still greater number of outsiders, who are attracted by curiosity to see whether anybody gets the mitten. The intensity of their curiosity is to some extent determined by the amount of brandy circulating. On the side of the gallant there is a spokesman called *Sognonaive*. Brandy flask in hand, he goes over to the other party and offers liquid hospitality to the father and mother of the young lady. There is a signal for an indiscriminate attack of a similar nature by the entire invading party upon the lady's friends. Everybody drinks to her father, everybody drinks to her mother, and she herself is borne away in grateful memory. When all are sufficiently elated, the proposal is embodied in a long speech, vibrating between poetry and prose. Her parents ask to see the *kileh*, the wooing presents. If they are accepted, the matter is settled, and there is nothing more but to go next day to the parson to get them published. Most matches are made at the fairs and great festivals, but they are never made without brandy. Indeed "courting with brandy" is a proverb among the Laplanders which is equivalent to the French *comme il faut*. When the lady is rich and the suitor is not, he very often throws his brandy away. The influence of riches in matrimonial services is no where felt more strongly than here; dress counts for nothing; one sheepskin is as another. Rank is determined only by the number of reindeer a man owns. Practically, marriage here is a mere matter of bargain and sale. Still the Laplanders recognize the sacredness of the relation in their way. The silver they pay for their brides must not be in the shape of six dollars, it must be made up into ornaments. This is better than nothing. If a marriage is broken off, the party who take a divorce generally returns the bridal present, and the more conscientious add a gift for the wasted brandy. So too when the parents say "no," many are so generous as to pay for the brandy. As all the relatives have a word to say, there is generally a good deal of quarrel

ling before the answer is agreed upon; and some management is required, often times, to make it favorable.

Pastor Ejellstrom tells of a wedding in Jockmook in which he was interested as the woer. Several attempts had been made in vain before he was engaged as spokesman. An old woman overwhelmed everything and defended everybody with her opposition to the match. When he came in she yelled out: "No, no, it shan't be; not even if the flesh-eater's son comes, he shan't have her!" Ejellstrom, then a student, saw that nothing could be done so long as this old harpy was around, and whispered to a magistrate who was also enlisted on the same side, to get the woman out of the way somehow or other. Soon she found herself in the street; she growled about the door like a gadfly in an empty barrel; rattled and slammed, shrieked and swore, but could not get in, as the magistrate held the door. Ejellstrom had brought better brandy; his father was the parson, he spoke better and offered a few more presents. When they were ready to go to the parson's door was opened and the old bag dashed in; but she was two late.

The importance of having an influential spokesman can hardly be over-estimated. They are often paid for their services. An odd affair came off in Arieploug at the last fair. An old widower, bearing the euphonious name of Styx, was struck with the crazy idea—so all his country people thought it—of making advances to the widow of a foreigner, who held her head above everybody else in the village, as her husband had been district magistrate. Styx, who say that the matter would be one of great difficulty, as well as delicacy, went to the richest man in the village and begged him to be his spokesman. He thought that his age and standing would have their influence, and offered him, in case of success, a brass-kettle, which, like Homer's heroes, he described. They could not agree, however; the desired spokesman wanted the kettle at any rate, while Styx would only give it to him if he succeeded. The whole party was remarkable; Styx was seventy years old—his Dulcinea sixty, and the spokesman over eighty. Although Styx could not make the brass-kettle bargain, he kept up his courage, and resolved to do as well as he could in person. He went to her and said: "You have cows, I have reindeer—look at me; I am just like your first husband," and more of the same sort. The whole thing seemed so comic to the proud Sigrid Stozada, that far from getting angry at the poor fellow's advances, she began to talk with him, and kept him as long as possible in suspense as to his fate. His efforts and anxiety continually rose in ridiculousness, until at last dinner time came, and he got a shameful mitten.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

ALL DEFENDS ON THE RELIGION.—A few days since, a certain minister of a certain Episcopal church in a certain village, not far from Buffalo, started in his buggy to fulfill an appointment in a town some twenty miles distant. He had driven but a few miles when he discovered that his horse was quite lame, and as the evening began to draw nigh, he deemed it best to stop for the night. In a short time he came to a farm-house, in front of which a yeoman, considerably advanced in years, was standing, when the following conversation took place:

Minister—"Can you tell me, my good friend, how far it is to a house of entertainment?"

Yeoman—"Well, if you mean a tavern, mister, about twenty miles; but if you mean a house of entertainment, we have one ourselves."

Minister—"Ah, very good, my horse is quite lame, as you see, and I am somewhat fatigued myself. Can you accommodate us for the night, friend?"

Yeoman—"Waal, yes, we can accommodate you, but if you are a clergyman, I must tell you that the fare you will get depends on your religion."

Minister—"How so, good sir?"

Yeoman—"Why, you see if a minister is a good Presbyterian, we give him the best we have got; if he is a Methodist or a Baptist he has pretty good living; but if he is an Episcopalian, he can't expect much. We don't think much of Episcopalians out here!"

Clergyman, (smiling)—"Well, my friend. I am sorry that your prejudices are so deeply imbedded; I am an Episcopal clergyman, and suppose I must content myself with a picked up meal; but let me assure you one thing—my horse is the bluest Presbyterian you ever saw!"

The yeoman was not so obtuse that he did not discover and appreciate the minister's joke—a joke which, by the way, procured for man and beast the best that the farmer could afford.—*Yankee Notions*.

THE late Dr. Kitto was fond of poetry, and occasionally wrote it himself. A fine conception or a glowing image afforded him intense pleasure. He had met with the following verse from Longfellow, as a motto in some book he had been reading:—

"Art is long, and life is fleeting,
And our hearts though strong and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

He committed the lines at once to memory, and advised his eldest to do the same. "I would," added he, "give £50 to be the author of that verse. He has done something for the world: he has given it a fine and beautiful idea."

A SINGULAR CASE.—The Dublin (Ireland) Medical *Express* details a case which confirms the opinion that the toad can eject a venomous fluid from its mouth. A boy, aged six years, while throwing stones at a large toad, felt something spitted into his eye. He was attacked soon after with spasmodic pain in his eye—then with coma; at times he would try to bite everything near him; at times he was in a state of apathy, and at times in a state of madness. On the tenth day the only symptoms were stupor and inability to speak, a condition which lasted for two years since,

A PILLAR OF FIRE.—At Cosseir the following natural phenomenon is described. The residence was a stone's throw from the sea. Conceive my astonishment and surprise on repairing thither to gaze on the beauty of the waves, and to watch the sun which was emerging from the bosom of the water, to see the latter, instead of rising in its usual circular form, assume that of a pillar of fire! I doubted the evidence of my senses, and I should scarcely hope to be believed, but then I find the ancients and Agathachides in particular, have mentioned the same phenomenon on these coasts, where they observe, "the sun rises like a pillar of fire." Lord Valutia also noticed a similar appearance at Mocha, where he saw it set in like manner. We subsequently saw it assume an elongated, but never again so completely columnar a figure. We could not but think of the pillar of fire which forty years gave light to the Israelites in the wilderness.—*English Paper*.

SEEK the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness, which takes an honest mind prisoner.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

At Newark, N. J., on the morning of September 2d, 1856, ELLA AMELIA MOORE, daughter of Philip D. and Pebe H. Moore, departed for her home in the celestial spheres, aged 3 years, five months, and 21 days.

She was a very intelligent and affectionate child, to whom her parents, and all who knew her, were greatly attached; and the grief of her parents is softened by the reflection that she is transplanted, in her innocence and purity, to a more congenial clime, as well as by the consciousness that she, with the other "loved ones who have gone before," will be ever present to console, cheer and guide them through life's rugged path, and finally welcome them to their bright and happy home where all is peace and joy forever.

M.

AFFECTION'S TRIBUTE.

Oh Ella, darling one! 'twas hard to let thee go,
To undo thy soft clasp and bid thee
Join the angel band, who wait to bear
Thee to thy heavenly home, where all is
Beautiful in love and holy peace.
Oft in vain shall we listen for the
Pattering of those little feet, which seemed
Like softest music, sending a glad thrill
To souls all tempest-torn and tired of earth,
While, with willing arms, we clasped thy
Tiny form and received upon brow and cheek
A shower of kisses, warm and tender, from thy
Loving heart, which soothed the worn and fretted
Spirit, like healing balm from Heaven's treasury.
And can we still live on without that bright
And loving face to cheer us? Loved one! angel of our
Household, hast thou gone forever?—left us with
All thy sweet and winning ways, to mourn with
Bitter tears the aching void which time can
Never fill? Gone with all the cherished hopes
Of future years—thy little songs and lisping
Words of love, which made our home seem but
The resting-place of one of Heaven's cherubs, made
More pure, more prized and dear for her short
Tarrying at its cherished shrine. But sad the
Contrast: the little place now vacant, once
Her loving presence filled—hushed the bird-like
Voice which showered the soul with drops of joy
And made us upward turn our hearts and
Thank the Giver for the boon of life, with
All its beauties, hopes and joys. And have these
All passed away forever? Ah, no! the golden links
Which joined our souls together here, no time nor
Distance, death nor change, can sever. No! living
Still in all the brightness of a deathless change,
Our Ella shines a glorious star of Heaven.
And by this union to an angel-born, our souls are
Heavenward drawn—the Spirit birth-place
Of our darling one. Still will she come to us,
And by the holy influence of her pure and
Angel being, give us distaste for base and meaner
Things of earth—a love for all the good, the
Beautiful, the pure of life—a longing for the
Happy time when, freed from earthly shackles,
We, in closer bonds than earth could ever give,
Shall clasp our cherished one, to more than
Mortal beauty grown, for endless time and ages
All unknown. Oh, consolation rich in heaven-born—
Hope! Ever thus, dear bud of love, come to us
And turn our thoughts above. Closer, still
Closer, day by day, draw us toward happiness and
Thee. Ask of the Father
For thy weeping ones, for strength to bear
And hope for all of future life, and soon,
My angel-child, the bliss of Spirit union in
The world of love.

A. L. S.

In Alstead Center, N. H., on the 21st of July, 1856, Sarah L. Shepard, only child of James H. and Amelia Shepard, aged 2 years, 9 months and 10 days.

Though we were called to lay the little body in the grave, we know the Spirit is not there; it has gone to the Spirit land where angels can watch over it, and whence it can come and drop a cheering word to our sorrowing hearts. We heard the sounds called "raps" previous to her death, as a token of her change from this earth to the Spirit land. I have been a firm believer in spiritual manifestations for more than two years, and though I am nothing but a common farmer, my Spirit brothers will come and examine diseases of various kinds, and influence me to speak both at home and abroad. I have been permitted to see the Spirits at different times, and I can say from an honest heart that the privilege or power of seeing and conversing with Spirits, is worth worlds like this.

J. H. SHEPARD.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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